



Fight! by Ruby Ink Writers

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Summary: Bill, Stanley, Ritchie and Eddie have began a new school; they just didn't expect Henry to be there and targetting them.

Fight!

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Chapter One: "Bill vs. Henry"

When he started at his new school, the last thing Bill Denbrough expected was to find that he would share a school once more with one certain boy who happened to a few years above him. After being accepted into the boys-only prep Bill thought that the days of being bullied would be long over; He would live in the same room as his best friends, in a dorm with new faces all his age and settle into his own.

However, life decided that was too easy.

For a peaceful first week Bill settled into school with the rest of his friends Ritchie, Eddie and Stan. Everything seemed so new and bright, so unlike Derry that the fifteen-year-old fell in love with the place.

The school grounds was a beautiful sight to behold with lush green gardens peppered with pretty flowers of every colour, a grand stone fountain accented with gold lining, small lapis lazuli gemstones and vines that constantly threatened to become overgrown. Surrounding the school was a deep forest that was home to a large rope course so vast it stretched up into the tall trees. Bill found a nice oak tree in the garden for his group to laze under in their freetime, right by the road where they could play on their bikes. Most boys were too busy at the basketball courts or enjoying a round of soccer to notice them.

The Losers Club was yet to open up to new members but that was not to say they didn't make new friends. In their first week Bill struck up a friendship with another boy, Will Byers, quite fast. Since they both felt like outcasts, Will's group of friends and the Losers Club got along well. But for the sake of groups, they usually interested in one-on-one situations. Though for some reason Stan seemed jealous any time Will was around Bill.

Bill's favourite part of the school, however, was that he got to share a

bedroom with Stan. They were two of the three living in Bedroom One of Dorm Two in the Junior Dormitories, but the third bed was still empty till next week when their other roommate arrived.

Each Dorm was made up of three bedrooms that housed two boys each on beds that contained desks underneath; Most of them had wooden chairs that fit perfectly with the desks but some boys brought their own wheely chairs. They weren't small rooms, nor were they overly large. Everyone fit inside comfortably and had their own space for things they didn't want to leave at home. All six boys from the dorm would share a common room complete with comfortable two couches and an armchair with a wall-mounted TV on opposite side of the room. Even with so few boys there would be numerous arguments over who watched what. Those with Netflix and a tablet, phone or laptop were happy to ignore the TV. Each dorm room had a bathroom that was home to a two sinks, a toilet on the right then the shower on the left. So soon into the school year, rarely ever did the shower room door hide more than one boy behind them.

As leaves changed to red outside and began to fall, their tree outside in the gardens failed to shield from the chilly wind and rain was beginning to fall in the last week. So the Losers Club retreated to Bill and Stan's room for the space and so they wouldn't disturb their roommates Pete and Riccoli.

Ritchie had snagged a few chocolate bars and bags of potato chips from a vending machine in the hall that was being refilled, using Eddie to distract the worker. After grabbing a good bag full of snacks, the two boys ran down the halls giggling until they were able to hide.

Bill giggled at the story with a Mars Bar in his mouth, imagining the insults Ritchie spewed out as he booked it down the hallway.

They were listening to the spectacled boy explaining the story, exaggerating the details so he seemed like an old school bad boy rather than some dork stealing candy. But it entertained them all nonetheless.

At some point in the story, however, Eddie looked up in confused surprise. His friend was muttering about a comment he supposedly said as they ran away from the worker, hitting Eddie in the arm

harshly. This sparked a little argument which had both teenage boys shoving and punching one another for a while. Wrestling on the empty bed trying to pin each other down. Bill watched them in amusement but Stan was stuttering trying to get them to stop before they somehow broke the bed. Of course he was ignored and the fight went on.

"I *never* said you run like a penguin. I mean, you *do* run like a penguin but that wasn't me, dude." Eddie explained, rolling on top of Ritchie. Something dark fell over his eyes, almost like fear. "You didn't see who it was?"

"No," Snorted Ritchie, too lost in his pride back in the hall. Everyone he ran past had no idea so all those cheers he 'remembered' hearing were all in his head.

Rolling his eyes, Eddie slid down and sat on the bed. The same look in his eyes made his three friends shudder as they recognised the look that they all wore before. Eddie reached into his pocket and took out his inhaler, took a deep gulp of air then spoke up loud enough for his friends to hear the bad news. "Well I saw who said it in the hallway, so I ran ahead. That's why I got here first, not chicken legs there. Guess who else goes here..."

The other three listened with low breaths. Each of them knew, waiting with bated breaths in hopes Eddie would spin a fast one on them.

"Henry Bowers...!"

Bill went a full couple of week constantly looking over his shoulders in fear of a dirty-blond haired seventeen-year-old bully sneaking up behind him eager to give him a wedgie, shove his head down a toilet or literally become deranged enough to stab him in the back. What had been peaceful hallways were now plagued with fear, the constant threat of Henry showing up out of nowhere to ruin this new school life hanging over Bill.

However, he seemed to be in the clear. Most years worked on different schedules and thus far all the time he spent out of class,

Henry's class seemed to be busy at work. Lunch went uninterrupted, walks through the halls were not met with wedgies, and no books had been smacked to the ground.

So Bill sighed in relief. He made it from class to his locker and packed everything back inside. But at the very moment Bill pulled his hand away from his locker its metal door slammed shut suddenly. He jumped back with a yelp of surprise, fear in his eyes to see a large hand planted firmly on his locker, looming above.

"So," A voice that sent a terrified shiver down Bill's spine growled.

Bill whipped around and instantly backed up against the cool metal, pressing his back up against it. A shiver ran down his spine and the boy felt his feet becoming rooted to the spot, refused to budge. His whole body turned to ice or stone, trapping Bill in place. Fear brimming in his eyes, following the tanned muscular arm to the evil face of Henry Bowers. An evil sneer cast down upon him; in Henry's eyes a darkness mirrored Bill's fear.

"They let you in here too, stutter?" Henry asked with an agitated calmness. "Had to fill the nerd quota, I guess?"

"Pi-piss off-f-f, Bowers!" Bill spat.

Henry's face hardened up as he playfully backed off a few inches. But his hand stayed firmly on the locker over Bill's shoulder. "Oooh, we've got a feisty one! Where are your little loser friends to back you up, huh?"

Firmly glaring at the bully, Bill tried his best to hold back his stuttering. "I do-don't need back u-up!" He took a step closer to Henry. "J-just piss off, m-mu-mullet."

Sadly that last comment did nothing now, as Henry had cut down to a stylish haircut.

Henry was still pissed though. Roughly shoving Bill into the locker, he growled. The sound it made was loud when flesh slammed against metal, echoing through a long hallway full of students bustling past none the wiser to what was happening between Bill Denbrough and

Henry Bowers. That was until the locker slam, when students looked over.

Making Bill wince and try his hardest to shove back just excited the bully, who let out a laugh at the pissant attempt. Some others chuckled too, while a few started to chant out 'Fight!'.

"Looks like they want me to beat your nerdy ass! Like you can even fight back, loser. Gonna make me piss off or what? Come on B-b-b-billy! Hit me!" Showing the younger boy again, there was more power in this one. He could see in Bill's eyes the overwhelming desire to fight back, wondering if this would finally be the time he would retaliate.

Billy snapped. In one swift movement he drove his right knee hard into the blond's nuts.

Whining in unimaginable pain, the older boy clasped a hand to his sack.

Gladly watching Henry keel over, the stuttering boy received a small uproar of support. A few students booed him for such a cheap, low blow.

"Ngh... you're fucking DEAD, stutter boy!"

As his childhood bully started to pick himself up and get back onto his feet, panic flooded the younger boy's body. Just as Bill was about to turn and run away back to class or his dorm, or anywhere he would be safe from Henry something stopped him. There clawing her way through a pack of wild students egging on the fight was the large purple face of some teacher that Bill did not know the name of; She marched over towards him and Henry with a loud, shrill voice.

Bill gulped knowing they had just seen that, while Henry's grin couldn't be wider.

"*Bowers! Denbrough!* What is going on here?" She snapped, jabbing a fat finger at the teenage boys.

"I-i-it w-w-wasn't-t-" Bill began to stutter.

Not caring for what some stuttering little boy had to say, the teacher took him by the wrist then grabbed Henry as well. While the older boy fought back, her grip was so tight that red marks were burned into their wrists and claws sunk into their flesh. Bill winced but tried not to struggle. Dragging them through the hallway, the woman charged through waves of students so they could progress to her office where she threw both boys inside. A sneer crossed her expression, cruel and unwavering even as Henry shouted for innocence.

"Detention!" She snapped, "Because you two interrupted my lunch, you will be locked in here until I return. Further fighting will call for *both* of your expulsions, and your father wouldn't like that would he Mister Bowers?"

Biting his lip, Henry looked about ready to punch this woman. But he backed down silently, taking a seat on one of the two chairs opposite the desk. Sullen and defeated, he played with a bracelet while avoiding eye contact.

Bill followed, seating himself on the other chair but making sure to push himself as far away from Henry as possible.

"Good."

Slamming the door as she left, the boys hoped that the small sound of a lock sliding into place wouldn't happen. But alas after a few seconds they heard the damning *click*, sentencing them to share a room together for who knows how long. Two teenage boys left locked up in detention alone. They sunk lower into their chairs, staring right at one another with looks of scorn. And yet despite their intense looks of hatred for one another, it was clear to anyone looking that this was still a game of cat and mouse.

If Henry *really* wanted to do anything to his prey, he would have already done it.

Instead all he did was run a hand through his short dirty-blond hair and continue to stare, eyeing up all of Bill's features; The younger boy's chestnut brown hair that came down just above his eyebrow that helped to highlight his soft blue eyes, wearing a frightened

expression that had his rosy pink his trembling. Pushing himself up from the chair hard enough to make it sway and almost make it fall over, Henry turned slightly then crossed the room. His dark brown eyes set onto Bill, staring at the boy hard. Henry was *trying* to be nice but something about seeing those Losers just set him off again. Besides, this brat got him into the shit so would have to pay up somehow. Henry's expression was so smug that Bill wanted to slap it off the closer he got. When he finally reached the younger boy's chair and leaned over it, resting a hand on either side as he got closer to Billy's cute face, the seventeen-year-old leaned close to his left ear, the bully simply growled.

"Thanks for landing me in detention, stutter boy. Didn't think you had that in you..." Henry's voice was harsh. Guiding a hand down to Bill's shoulder, the older boy tightly gripped him.

Bill attempted to shrug off the hand. It was to no avail; Henry had such a tight grip that the fingers sunk deeper into his pale flesh to the point that it was painful. A whine escaped his bright pink lips and a few strands of fell over his eyes. Something about that made the grip loosen, however.

"You know what loser? I should say thanks for getting me out of my room so I don't have to be my roomie's... Don't worry." Henry said slowly. "Still pissed. I'm already failing my classes and you get me a fucking detention!"

His loose hoodie tank top hung low to give a show of Henry's bare chest underneath, his smooth pale skin only giving the fifteen-year-old boy still sitting a hint of his bully's muscles. A defined six-pack that made him blush, watching as Henry flexed his muscles tight. However, Bill's eyes were not able to linger when Henry took up his field of vision. Their blue eyes locked and the older boy was leaning in closer so his lips were inches from Bill's ear, allowing him to feel the warm breath against the lobe. Meanwhile, the seventeen-year-old was wondering just what he was going to do with this annoyingly cute younger boy that he could feel shaking through the grip he had on Bill's shoulder.

Bill sunk lower into the chair, pressing himself down deep into the softness as he was able. Anything to get as far away from the blond

boy as possible.

Moving a hand down, Henry cupped Bill's chin between his thumb and forefinger before guiding the young boy up to face him. Henry's face softened and his blue eyes became a little brighter as their lips tenderly came together in a movement that had Bill's eyes going wide.

The two teenagers held their lips together for a long moment before their kiss broke, leaving both staring at each other in surprise. Neither quite sure if that had just happened.

Henry had thought about using the Losers clubs as fuck toys before, just a few times when he suddenly got horny and needed something more than his hand, but always thought that it would be too gay to even touch a naked boy. Yet here he was having just *kissed* one. They were hovering inches apart until Henry smashed their lips together in a dominant kiss, his eyes clenched shut as the younger boy began to melt in the chair. Allowing Henry to lean in further, pressing their bodies together lightly while their lips were busy making out.

This time when the kiss broke, Bill stuttered: "W-what... y-y-y-you ju-just ki-kissed m-m-me!"

"Shut the fuck up!" Henry quickly snapped, unwilling to believe he just kissed the nerd. Kissed a *boy*. He knew his cousin might swing that way but never himself. "If you don't want to get hurt then get on your *fucking* knees right now!"

Too scared to do much else, the denbrough boy sheepishly lowered down from the comfortable chair and get onto his knees. Feeling the rough kiss still on his lips, the brunette boy touched two fingers to his lips and blushed brighter as the memory flared to life. Burning into his mind. Henry Bowers just made out with him.

Henry reclaimed his seat with both legs spread open and his arms pinned on either side. A smug grin curled onto his lips, with the bully watching as the stuttering boy shuffled slowly closer and got between his legs like a good boy. By the way Bill knew exactly what to do, crawling closer like a dirty little slut, Henry knew that Bill *had* to have done thing before so now found himself wondering who taught

him. Forgetting that for now, the boy ran a hand through Billy's longish brown hair before getting a nice grip. He tugged the dork closer, smirking at the little wince he heard. When the younger boy was between his legs, Henry put Bill's face up against his crotch and began to move him up and down.

"You're gonna be my little cocksucker for this, aren't you stutter boy?" He barked in a seductive tone. Throbbing as his cock rose, Henry was turned on to feel zero resistance. But after a long moment of silence, he tugged Bill's hair. "*Aren't you!*"

"Y-yes!" Bill groaned. His heart was racing just thinking about sucking his bully's cock. It already felt bigger than any of his friends' cocks. "I-I-if you stop b-bullying my fr-friends, I'll b-be your..."

"Be my *what?*" Henry asked as he began to unzip his jeans. Already the strong smell of cock was filling Bill's nostrils and his blue eyes could not tear away from Henry's black boxer briefs.

Bill's voice was shaking with fear and a hint of lust. "C-cocksucker..."

Mulling it over in his mind, the older boy could get used to this little deal. Soften up on that dorky group from now on in exchange for a willing mouth to wrap around his dick. Not that Bill knew it, but he was offering up more than just a one time thing. It would come to realisation a week after when Henry pulled him aside into an empty classroom and shoved his cock deep down the boy's throat, fucking it without mercy until he came and leaving without a word. Something that never really ended just so long as Henry didn't bully the other Losers. So, knowing that Bill's mouth now belonged to him, Henry softened his grip and opened his fly before hooking a thumb under the waistband of his black underwear.

To his surprise, Bill leaned in and took the fabric-covered head into his mouth. Sucking on the bulging dick, the boy looked into Henry's eyes with a pleading look in his eyes.

Henry pushed him off, snorting.

When the black boxer briefs were eased down, the hunky bully allowed his thick six and three quarter inch cock pop free. A nice

pale tan, the thickness was slightly curved down the middle, and had a thin mushroom head. A few pulsing veins along its intimidating girthy shaft that lead into a wild bush of brown pubic hair. Bill hadn't seen a cock or bush that thick, and gulped at the thought of sucking that thing.

"What are you waiting for, stutter boy? Open your damn mouth," Henry growled. Giving the boy a light tug, he pulled Bill closer to the head of his dick. "Open. Up."

Bill's shaking lips opened just wide enough for the head to be pushed inside his mouth. Flicking his tongue against the salty-tasting head, the fifteen-year-old boy slowly started to slobber on the cock to make it wet.

Moaning huskily as the boy worked to get him slick, the older boy eased his cock a little deeper. With every inch pushed inside, Bill drooled onto Henry's length. His lips wrapped tight, only opening for his tongue to poke out and taste more of the long cock. Never having sucked something like that, it was a bit of a struggle.

Henry's hand brushed through his mid-length hair while the boy worked his cock, up and down slowly with a hunger he hadn't expected. It was a turn on to have a hungry little slut on his dick, since Patrick wasn't around to suck him off anymore. But not being depthroated yet was annoying him.

"You've so sucked dick before, hey fag? Who'd you suck?" Henry pulled him off, a gleam in his dark eyes. He was biting his lip, eyeing up the cock-hungry younger boy waiting for an answer. "Your loser friends? Bet it was that little fagboy Ritchie... Sucked their pin dicks? Bet you let them bone you too, don't ya?"

Looking anywhere but the older boy, Bill's stutter persisted. "O-o-only onc-c-ce... Ju-just s-sucking!"

"Bullshit. You loser are fag butt buddies, aren't you?" Henry smirked.

"Ca-can't I just suck yo-you?" Bill begged, wanting the cock in his mouth. That way he had an amazing taste, freedom from bullying and he didn't have to admit anything. "Jus-just use my m-mouth!"

Pushing his thick cock back into the overly eager mouth, Henry smirked to himself knowing he was right. That and he got a mouth to use freely. He moved Bill up and down on his lengthy cock, thrusting in and out of the warm throat hugging his shaft. Henry throbbed against the inner walls, making Bill gag a little each time it slid deep into his throat. Struggling enough as it is, the ordeal only became worse when Henry started to slam as much cock inside as he could. Only about six inches fit inside, but worked well to stretch out Bill's mouth.

"Ghk!" The young boy struggled, taking it deeper.

Henry found himself growling, feeling a whole inch untouched. Roughly forcing the younger boy's head down, the hunk tried forcing it all in. "Swallow the whole. *Fucking*. Thing!"

Despite feeling like he was choking on the big cock, Bill opened his mouth wider to accommodate the last bit of Henry. It forced his throat wider, and the young boy coughed when it hit the back of his throat. Now struggling, Bill pushed up and was surprised to feel Henry *let* him take it out.

Bill was breathing deeply and closed a hand around his neck, rubbing to soothe the slight pain.

"Can't break my new cocksucker too soon. But if you want to be choked so badly, you can wait till i'm breeding your bitch ass." Smirking to see Bill let go of his neck quickly, the bully settled back in his chair. He wrapped a hand around his length before using it to slap Bill's cheek. Smearing it with saliva and precum, knowing that it was going to make the younger dork hungry for his big cock. But for now, he wasn't allowed to suck it. So Henry tucked his six and three quarter inch cock away.

As his cocksucker whined at the loss, the hunk fingered his loose red tee before pulling it off. He let it drop beside the chair, fully revealing his lean muscular chest to an even hungrier Bill. Henry's chest was slim and smooth, with a well defined six-pack, slim v-line and strong pecs. All in all, Henry looked like his body was crafted by an artist. His nipples were small and dark pink, highlighting his muscles. The sexy hunk would look better naked, with his cock

hanging out and firm yet round ass that could make boys lick their lips.

"Wipe that faggot look off your face. Open your mouth, now."